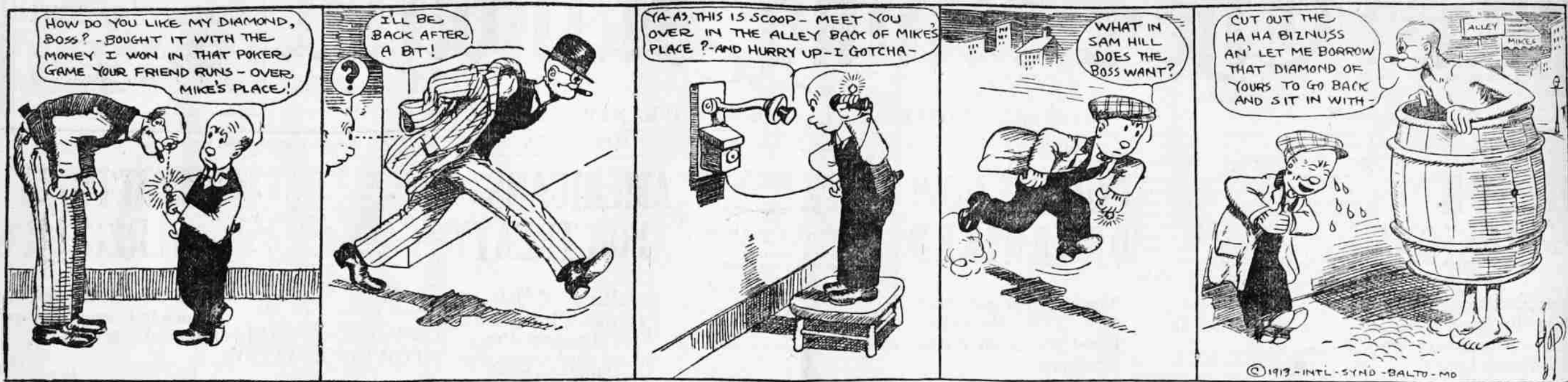


EVIDENTLY THE BOS ISN'T AS LUCKY AS SCOOP



OGDEN STANDARD SPORTING PAGE

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MIKE DOOLAN

Mike Doolan is looked upon as having a sure hold on his job as shortstop on the Philadelphia nationals. He is hardly likely to lose it to any of the new men.

No other shortstop in the National league can fall on his ear and throw a man out at first as well as Mike. He is known as the acrobatic shortstop and is one of the best defensive infielders in the game.

He batted .258 last season, 20 points better than the year before. This year, under the new ownership of the Phillies, he hopes to make his banner season.

RUBE GETS BIG WAGE AND \$1500 PRESENT

Los Angeles, March 19.—It was reported on what was said to be reliable authority that the contract which Marquand signed in San Francisco recently provided for an annual salary of \$8,500 for three years. In addition to that Kinsella is said to have given him a bonus of \$1,500 for signing, bringing "Rube's" annual compensation to \$9,000.

YOKEL WINS THE CONTEST

Holder of Police Gazette Belt Is Thrown Twice in an Hour

Salt Lake, Mar. 20.—Mike Yokel, middleweight champion of the world, won in straight falls last night from Joe Turner, who was picked by a New York illustrated weekly as the champion of the world. Yokel got the first fall in 55 1-2 minutes, beginning his decisive grip with an inside croch and half-Nelson, but switching with lightning-like rapidity and obtaining the actual fall with a bar and head clancery, the hold with which he conquered Henry Gehring.

The second fall required 6 minutes and 10 seconds and was obtained with a croch and arm hold. Yokel simply picked Turner up, slammed him to the floor and held his shoulders to the mat.

Turner took his defeat in a sportsmanlike manner, making a speech in which he conceded Yokel to be the best middleweight wrestler in the world, yet saying he wanted to come here thirty days before the next match and then play a return engagement.

Turner's talk was cheered to the echo. He made thousands of friends.

Turner at the very outset of the bout began using every rough bit of tactics not forbidden by the rules and Mike paid him back in his own coin. Both punished each other severely, but so adroit were they that the referee had no occasion to caution them.

The majority of the fans voted it a better match than the Yokel-Gehring engagement.

The belt now reverts to the weekly that gave it and will probably, but not certainly, be awarded by that publication to Yokel.

Fighting like two ancient cave men, with only their bare hands for weapons, Mike Yokel and Joe Turner, in the Auditorium last night, put up the fastest wrestling bout that was ever seen here. Turner, although only 26 years old, has done so much wrestling that he has familiarized himself with every trick and device, all of which he employed last night, but it was futile, because his endurance was not nearly equal to that of Yokel.

Despite this Turner gave the friends of Yokel many more anxious moments than they had at the Gehring match. The last seven minutes preceding the first fall was furious. Turner had rubbed his hand on Mike's sore ear and over his nose. He had picked Mike up and with Mike's feet in the air had flung him to the mat more with the object of inflicting pain than in gaining any real advantage. Mike bore it patiently for a while, giving his entire attention to opportunities for getting a good hold, but the last time Turner slammed him to the floor, Mike decided he was tired of it. It was the first time Mike has ever seemed to be in a Berserker rage while in the ring. He tore after

Turner and, getting him roughly in every way possible. He twisted his toe, worked on his wind and then lifted him above his head and sent him crashing to the floor.

Yokel's Fierce Rush. Turner's breath was rapidly disappearing under these tactics and Yokel kept right after him every second. He first got an inside croch and half-Nelson, and then, after inflicting considerable pain on his opponent, Mike switched to the bar and head clancery hold identical with the one that conquered Gehring. Turner simply had to yield. He held out to the last fraction of a second, and after Referee Ben Barker had slapped Mike on the shoulder, Turner staggered when he got to his feet. He held on to Mike's hand long enough to shake it and then both scurried for their dressing rooms, while cheers of the great crowd reverberated through the great hall.

Most of the fans expected that Turner would announce he was not able to contest for the second fall. He would not have been criticised if he had done so, for he was palpably weak, but Turner showed his gameness by sending out word that he would be out in line shape and that he intended to win the next two falls. Nobody believed it, but everybody admired a brave man's deft when he was in the last ditch.

After about eighteen minutes' rest Yokel climbed through the ropes for the second period. Cries of "Oh, you Mike!" were all that could be distinguished in the cheering. Turner appeared a moment later, and he was roundly cheered for his gameness and his display of skill. He put on a brave front, but his heaving chest and straining muscles showed he could not last long. Even after the rest his breath was irregular and came in half gasps.

Turner did his best, however, and the brief second period lacked much of the rough work of the first. The visitor seemed to realize that Yokel was quite competent to pay him back twice for twinge of any plain caused, so Joe was a little more careful. Turner got behind Mike for a brief moment, but Mike was in a hurry. He had told Mrs. Yokel he would be home early, so he picked Turner up by the leg and arm and slammed him to the mat. Moreover, he had the strength to hold him there with his shoulders pinned to the mat.

Mike Is Lionized.

When the great crowd saw Referee Ben Barker slap Mike's back there was a roar of applause, and after it had subsided a little, Turner, with his dressing gown over his shoulders, signified his desire to make a talk. The crowd was asked to be silent, as Turner's breath was not equal to the task of talking loud. After a moment to get his breath, Turner said:

"I came a long way to meet the man whom I now concede to be the best middleweight wrestler in the world. I lost fair and square and have no fault to find. This is the first time I ever set eyes on Yokel, but I want to say he is the most generous adversary I ever met. I only hope that I can come here thirty days beforehand to train and get a return match."

Cries of "Yes, yes," and the friendly, best applause greeted Turner as he was hurried off to his dressing room. The stormy night did not keep the crowd away from the great world's championship wrestling arena for every seat was filled and standing room was sold at the same price as the 15 seats had been. The carpenters had not had time to build bleachers all around the auditorium, but the big structure was comfortably filled. Perhaps 1500 persons were standing. Between 2500 and 3000 persons saw the bout.

There was only one preliminary, for Promoter Harry Heagren realized that the crowd wanted to see the stars and would not wait patiently if asked to endure two preliminaries. George Nelson, the Salt Lake fireman, threw Frank McCarroll of Idaho in 21 minutes, but was unable to throw him again in the nine minutes remaining of the 20 minute limit. McCarroll had no time to show his offensive skill because he was kept on the defensive almost every minute by Nelson. The crowd thought McCarroll was much the lighter man and for that reason he had a lot of sympathy, but the weights announced were McCarroll 176 and Nelson 180.

Star Men Appear.

It was exactly 9:15 when Yokel appeared in the ring and the demonstration made by his admirers was deafening. At 9:17 Turner crawled through the ropes and was generously applauded. Ben Barker called the wrestlers to the center of the mat and gave brief instructions.

The wrestlers grappled at 9:21 o'clock. First one was behind and then the other in bewildering rapidity. At 9:25 Turner was behind Yokel for a full half minute and then at 9:28 Mike bore him to the floor and caught hold of his toe and held him fast, but at 9:29 Turner was behind Mike again. At 9:30 Mike had Turner on the mat and was

trying hard for a head lock, but Turner bridged and did a spin clear through the ropes. At 9:32, after both men had been brought back on the mat, Turner started to dance around and tried for a chance to dive for Mike's feet, but could not do it successfully. At 9:34 Turner got behind Mike and the crowd was anxious, but Mike reached back over his shoulder and pulled Turner clear over. At 9:36 Mike was on his hands and knees with Turner astride of him, and after one futile effort Mike rose up and in a fierce struggle sent Turner to the floor. At 9:39 both men were sitting on the mat face to face with arms and legs in an apparently hopeless tangle, but with kaleidoscopic rapidity and at 9:40 both were on their feet and Turner was hissed by a few for jabbing at Mike's eyes. At 9:41 Turner got away from a bad arm hold, but Mike held the advantage until 9:43, when Turner got behind Mike.

At 9:45 Turner was behind Mike, who was sitting on the mat, and Turner, stooping over, worked him up and down like the handle of a churn. Mike grabbed Turner's leg and Turner, in almost a panic, let Mike get behind without apparent opposition. At 9:48 both men were on their feet, but when Mike made a feint Turner, expecting a dive, dropped to his knees and looked foolish for an instant. At 9:49 Mike was on top and was trying for a head scissors. Then Mike lifted Turner in the air and made him do a clever headspin. Turner a moment after held Mike in the air and hurled him to the floor. For the next few minutes one had the advantage and then the other. Neither could get an adequate hold on the other. At 9:57 Turner tried to trip Mike the old school boy fashion and the crowd roared.

At 10 o'clock both men were on their feet and were practicing at jitsu on each other's arms. At 10:05 Mike had Turner down, but Turner managed to scramble off the mat.

Turner now showed signs of weakening. Every time he went down Yokel was able to hold him a little longer, and as for roughing, there was an even break at this stage, although Turner seemed to have commenced it.

Rules Not Violated.

Those who hissed forgot that the rules permit all that Turner was doing and that a man who aspires to the championship must be able to give and take as Mike did last night. About seven minutes before the finish, however, of the first fall, Mike became thoroughly enraged at Turner's tactics. He went for him savagely and after that Turner never had the advantage. Mike followed him about the ring, and even when Turner dodged outside the ropes or played leapfrog Yokel was after him every minute.

Fans were greatly excited, but greatly relieved, for it was apparent the local man was soon to win. The last seven minutes included more actual wrestling than most 20 minute matches do. The crowd was so interested it forgot to cheer. Fans were tense and silent. At last Mike got Turner where he wanted him and the finish soon came.

The second fall was less exciting, because everybody predicted it, but Turner put up a good defense. At 9 o'clock yesterday when they weighed in, Yokel weighed exactly 158 and Turner 156.

Turner expects to leave for his home in Washington, D. C., today, while Yokel will prepare for an eastern tour. Turner's defeat last night will probably cost him the engagement abroad he had signed for with Al Reeves.

Heart Trainer, holder of the Lonsdale belt, who wrestles Jack Harbertson in Ogden March 28, was introduced, and challenged the winner. It is doubtful if he can do the middleweight limit.

WILLIE HOPPE WINS FROM MORNINGSTAR

Pittsburg, Pa., Mar. 19.—Willie Hoppe took the 18.1 billiard championship from Ora Morningstar last night by a score of 500 to 211 in thirty-two innings. Hoppe's average was 15-20-32 and Morningstar's 6-19-32. High runs were: Hoppe 96, 80, 56; Morningstar 73, 26, 24.

Morningstar, who has held the title for more than a year, never had a chance. The plucky Hoppe played with a confidence and precision that seemed to get Morningstar's nerve early in the game.

Hoppe, besides playing wonderful billiards, had all the luck of a winner. Long table shots he made with a nonchalance that brought prolonged applause. In one of Hoppe's showpieces here he shot at times were almost impossible.

In contrast Morningstar was a disappointment. He had none of the freedom of stroke that ordinarily marks his game. He was constrained and anxious and seemed to realize early in the contest that defeat was certain.

JEFFRIES AMBITIOUS

He Thinks He Can Recover the Championship of the World

(By W. W. Naughton.)

San Francisco, March 20.—It must be that Manager Tom Jones of the Ad Volgaist camp has heard of Jack Curley's scheme for corraling all the champions of the different classes and forming a pugilistic wild west show.

Not content with having to keep Wilkesburg in subjection—and Ad, they say, is harder to handle at times than a bucking broncho or a cavorting cayuse—Jones is reaching out in all directions for topnotch talent.

He has placed his brand on Jack Lester of Cle Elum, a Tommy Burns castoff, and Willie Hoppe of San Francisco. He has secured options on the Jim Jeffries and Bob McAllister, the Olympic club ex-amateur, and his roundup has barely begun.

Will Have Record String.

He plans to have an aggregation of world beaters of assorted sizes, and by the time he fills in all the gaps between Ad Volgaist and Jeffries his string will be as long as a suffragette parade.

Jones has become a notably serious man of affairs. He has discarded that flippant toupee he sported a couple of years ago, and when he removes his hat in your presence he is naked from the rime of his ears upward. As he sat in the writer's den the other night prattling of the possibilities of the future in the managerial line the electric lights produced strange St. Elmo effects on the apex of Tom's polished dome. But he didn't mind. He was too full of his subject.

The point Jones is most puzzled about at present is his recent announcement that he is to pilot Ad Jeffries on a second tour of the championship belt.

"Here's the thing in a nutshell," said Jones. "The suggestion came from Jeffries himself. He has never quit brooding over what happened at Reno, and he still harbors the suspicion that he was drugged by somebody."

He went on the water wagon several weeks ago and stands to lose heavily in wagers if he tastes booze inside of a year. He has been training on the quiet and he is full of the notion that the present day heavyweights are a lot of "no-goods." He told me in the presence of his brother Jack that he believed he could lick the best man in sight at present, and that he had a good mind to hop back into the game.

"I said to him, 'Why don't you do it, then?' and Jack chipped in with the remark that his big brother was foolish not to take another whack at fighting. We talked the matter over from every angle and Jim told me to go ahead and make whatever announcement I saw fit, the understanding being that I was to act as his manager if any matches were arranged."

"He said he felt so good that he believed he could be ready to box in two months' time, if necessary, but of course there will be no such hurry as that. He will keep right along with his preparation and if he continues to improve as he has done in the short time he has been training he will have something of a business like nature to give out about four months from now."

Jeff Wants "Inducements."

So far Jeffries' newly aroused ambition has excited nothing but ridicule. The belief exists in some quarters that he is eager to patch himself up sufficiently to get in on one big cleanup. In what purports to be an interview given by him in Los Angeles he is made to say that if "sufficient inducements" are offered he may be seen in the ring again July 4.

Putting the matter in this way has

given those who have been sore at Jeffries ever since the Reno disaster a chance to flourish their hammers. They say sneeringly that he received something like a cool \$100,000 for taking a few of Johnson's uppercuts, whereas 10 cents would have been ample pay for all the fighting spirit and fighting talent displayed. From which it will appear that in talking of "sufficient inducements" at this stage of the proceedings Jeffries is venturing on very thin ice.

Can't Get Big Money Again.

From the look of things if Jeff is simply bent on figuring in one match for big money he will be disappointed. The critics and the public will not stand for anything like that. If, as some say, his motive is to rehabilitate himself and prove that he is a better fighter than his showing with Johnson would indicate he may be able to arouse interest in his plans for coming back. But by his work we shall know him. We will need to test himself first with a course of training, and after that he should hire a retinue of heavyweight rough-necks, and go at them in private so as to gain an idea of his ability to administer and receive.

Then if still convinced that he has a few fights left in him he can express a desire to be matched with some of the lesser lights of the heavyweight division, declaring at the same time it is his intention to work to the front gradually.

It is the writer's belief, however, that Jeffries has been seen in the ring for the last time. There are times when memories of that humiliating experience at Reno make him as mad as a hornet, and on such occasions no doubt he feels of his muscle and grinds his teeth, and declares how different it would be if he had it to do over again.

But this is merely a phase of human nature. In Jeffries' case one of the things he should ponder over when he feels the comeback buzz around him is the fact that he is now 38 years old.

For a man of that age to be thinking of scaling the dizzy heights of championship a second time is a serious matter.

GIFFIN TO PLAY WITH BUTTE

Manager Art Merkle of Butte has announced that he had secured Giffin, the former Western league pitcher, who played with Great Falls in 1911, as an outfielder. Giffin is a pitcher of excellent worth but he injured his arm early in the season and was used in the outer garden by George Reed. He played in 76 games, had 134 chances, made four errors, which gave him a fielding average

of .970. He hit 200 for the season, which is a nice mark for a pitcher. Last year Giffin was turned back to Sioux City in the Western league to whom he belonged, and he should make good for Butte this year.

Second Baseman McGeehan, who put up a fast game at the Keystone sack for Butte last year, has sent in his signed contract. Merkle is trying for several good men and hopes to announce their names in a few days, as the deals are almost closed.

The Butte team will appear in brand new uniforms this season.

GOSSIP ON BASEBALL

McCloskey Has Secured a Number of Good Players

For the first time since he has been connected with the Union association, John J. McCloskey finds himself in a position where he has good financial backing, and apparently is taking full advantage of the situation to give his supporters a team that they will remember for some time to come. Dick Cooley left McCloskey with a nucleus of a strong team, and to this the foxy veteran has been adding all along, and the lineup he will present in the opening game will be enough to scare half the other clubs before they ever cross bats. Great Falls and Butte will be the first to encounter Salt Lake this season, and they will probably suffer as a result.

During the winter McCloskey traded Catcher Weaver to Great Falls for Outfielder Murphy and Infielder Misce, which gave Salt Lake two good men for one. Murphy has virtually been the batting leader of the league during its two years. Not content with this, McCloskey has purchased Stoney McGlynn, the veteran Brewer twirler, who did such good work for "Honest John" at Milwaukee in 1909 and 1910 and by reason of his ability to pitch almost every day earned the title of "Iron Man." McGlynn may not be good enough for the American association, but under McCloskey's control he should be a winner in the Union association and will probably again star as a relief man when some of the regular twirlers are being pounded hard.

Even the addition of Murphy, Misce and McGlynn did not satisfy McCloskey.

(Continued on Page Seven.)

McKibbin Hats

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